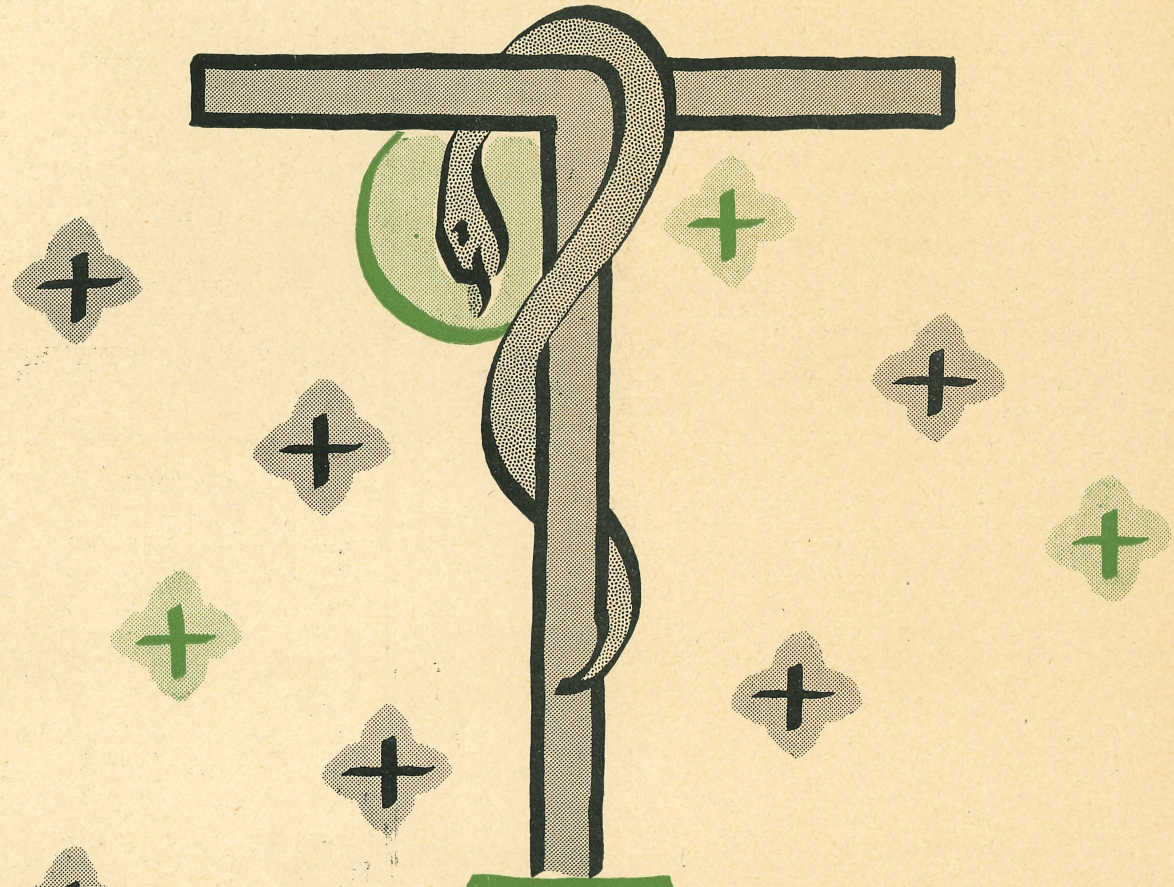
# The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



VOL. XVI APRIL, 1942 NO. 4

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## ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

**"HE WAS A MAN WHO TOOK VERY LITERALLY THE WORD, 'LEAST,' IN THE TEACHING OF OUR SAVIOR,"**—writes Father Lawrence M. Kenny, S.J., in his account of the work of one of his fellow "companions of Christ"—Father John M. Lyons. The words—"As long as you did it for one of these, my least brethren, you did it for me," take on a deeper significance when we read how Father Lyons lived them in our present day!

**"NOBODY'S BUSINESS IS MY BUSINESS!"**—was the motto of the foundress of the American Red Cross—Clara Barton. In a review, "Clara Barton—Daughter of Destiny," Sister Michael tells us how, for almost nine score years, this "great humanitarian" worked and kept her word!

**EXPLANATIONS ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY**—when translating from Urdu into English, or vice versa! Sister Alma Julia returns with her "explanation" of how she meets the "problems of translation"—in "Would You Please Explain?"

**PERHAPS YOU THINK IT QUITE PROSAIC TO DEAL IN FACTS AND FIGURES!** But when a "full-to-overflowing," 60-bed mission hospital presents a few for your inspection, you will agree, we hope, there is more than "just ennumeration" to "Recordings—1941."

**"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY—MAKES A VERY DULL DAY!"** Mission hospitals have their FUN too. Sister Laetitia proves it in "The Lighter Side of Patna!"

**THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY**

**8400 Pine Road**
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**Member of the Catholic Press Association**

SISTER M. LOYOLA, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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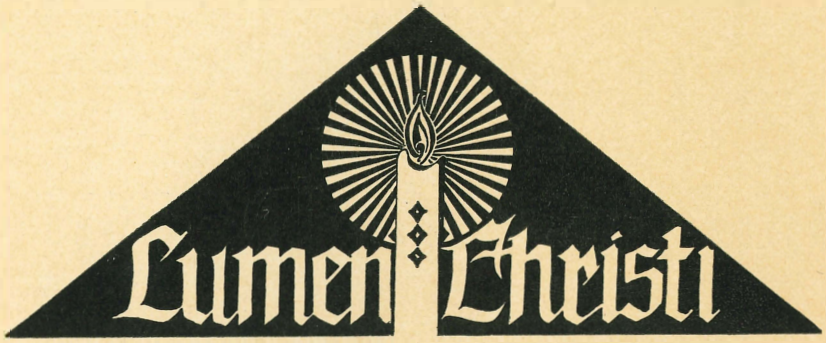


# The Renaissance of the Orient

What is or what will be the most historic event of our day? Upton Close says: "The Renaissance of the Orient." I believe it. There are numerous latent forces in the millions of India and China today. Inexorably, they have gained momentum for a long time — and Japan, which has perhaps the least latent forces—the most developed ones at the present moment—has put the avalanche in motion.

The Renaissance of the Orient! If it is to be a renaissance it can come only from the people themselves. But, of course, it is in the nature of things that the old and the new will have to mingle—and the result of that blending may well be something that surpasses western civilization in spiritual depth, artistic achievement and sanity of life!

To a missionary who knows and loves the people of the Orient this visualizing of a renaissance stirs the imagination to greater possibilities and opportunities of bringing to them the one and only contribution that is certain to be a good ingredient of this renascent civilization—namely, Christ. The poor, meek and humble Christ who went about doing good will not be neglected by the Orientals if brought to them by His true followers—followers, such as were the early Christians and martyrs.

To send such followers we need a renaissance in Christian countries! There are rays of hope—but they are dim and weak. Once they are strong, there will be plenty of parents who will consider it an honor and a privilege to have their sons and daughters chosen for the spread of the gospel—and there will be many Catholics who will not only give out of their abundance to support the army of missionaries, but who will pray, suffer, think, and work to build up the Mystical Body of Christ!

—A.D.

**Those of us who are members of the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, fear not this changing world. We have the assurance of an unchanging God and the security of His Words, "Lo, I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world." The Church has weathered all the storms of the ages. She will weather this one. Meanwhile we have work to do and a duty to perform. The Church is missionary. It must increase and multiply, and we must share in that labor.—Rev. Aloysius Coogan.**

*That the Risen Christ may give you His Peace this Eastertide - - is the wish of all the Medical Missionaries.*

# "Clara Barton - - Daughter of Destiny":*

*by*

SISTER M. MICHAEL, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Man's heroism—even his philanthropy—is a manifestation of God's love for His creatures. The instrument of this love may be unaware of the pattern it traces, or possibly be hostile to the Pattern-maker. Yet His Will is performed. The course runs more smoothly if the instrument is a willing tool, as is evidenced in the life of Clara Barton; not that her difficulties were less—but that means for meeting them were greater.

In the lives of vast numbers of human beings there arise countless necessities which are so often overlooked by those who are interested in human welfare. Such needs seem destined to fall into the category of "nobody's business." These — Clara Barton made her business.

Just as a tool is fashioned and molded in accordance with its function—so too Clara Barton was prepared from her early childhood for the future "business" she was to make her own. She was born on Christmas day — the youngest of two boys and two girls—on a farm in Connecticut. As a child she was quick to grasp principles, her interests were wide-ranged, and she formed practical, good habits. Coming from a line of soldiers, she was interested in things military and, though but a youngster, played games of war led by her father, "the Captain," who had gained his experience from the Indians. Her brother's illness made her a nurse at eleven years. Neighbors knew her skill when smallpox broke out among them. Thus—"service to her fellow townsmen" presaged a life culminating in service to a nation!

Clara Barton loved work and had a great capacity for it. She knew her capabilities and her limitations and, when confronted with any necessity, set about to fill it determinedly. Her first opportunity for exercising the active service in which she spent the next seventy-nine years of her life came during the Civil War. The poignant realization that men were dying for lack of care stirred her to appeal on their behalf through the medium of the press! Immediately anxious mothers, wives and sisters sent supplies—and Clara Barton became a "one woman dispensary." Nor was she content to remain "behind the lines." She persuaded the officials to issue a pass which permitted her to accompany the armies to the battlefields, where, as she herself described it, she saw "the scarlet flow of blood as it rolled over the black limbs beneath my hands and the great heave of the heart before it grew still."

Hardly had she left the battlefield when a host of new projects claimed her attention. She took time out from her lectures on her experiences during the war to lend support to the suffragist movement. She was an active participant in the first meeting of the American Equal Rights Association, and long years afterwards Susan B. Anthony and other leaders in the struggle for woman's suffrage remembered her active cooperation in their program. Affairs not necessarily new but in need of improvement or reform also drew her. She interested herself in the needs of her friends—encouraging the talent for art in one—arranging for the "Keely cure" for another. Almost an entire year of her busy life was given to uplifting the morale and establishing better economic conditions in a woman's reformatory. In fulfilling the latter task she taught the inmates self-respect and had the satisfaction of winning their confidence and of seeing notable changes in many of them. Wherever and whenever "nobody's business" called for her service, she gave herself to it fully!

Among Clara Barton's contemporaries there were those who recognized the need for organized relief during national emergencies and who, perhaps, even enjoyed its benefits once it was established. But they often failed to respond to this recognition. Clara Barton recognized and realized! Her experiences in Europe during the

*This article is based on the book —"CLARA BARTON—DAUGHTER OF DESTINY" by Blanche Colton Williams. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York, 1941, 468 pp., clothbound, $3.50.

**Courage does not consist in calculation, but in fighting against chances.—Cardinal Newman.**

**Victims of the Franco-Prussian War testify their gratitude to Clara Barton at Strasbourg.**

Franco-Prussian War had convinced her of the necessity of an American organization which would correspond to the Red Cross already existing in Europe. As soon as she returned to the United States she set about the difficult task of selling her convictions to America! She wrote, talked and lived Red Cross; she appealed for support to senators, cabinet-members and presidents. (Three of them—Hayes, Garfield and Arthur—were approached by her). Again and again she seemed destined to fail. But in spite of opposition, misunderstanding, and, what was worse, indifferentism, her army of supporters grew. 1881 brought success! All through the hot summer of that year forest fires raged in Upper Michigan, bringing with them appalling losses. Clara Barton asked for funds, clothing and supplies to be sent to the devastated areas. And her appeal was answered! Box upon box was shipped to the needy, and thus—this year marked the entry of the Red Cross into altruistic work in the United States!

By March of 1882 the Red Cross had attained a national status claiming active groups in Washington, Dansville, Rochester and Syracuse. Final victory was reached on July 26th of that same year when President Arthur issued a Proclamation ratifying the adherence of the United States Government to the Geneva Treaty—under the provisions of which the Red Cross was organized. And the society, which Clara Barton envisioned throughout all the struggles, toils and hardships of so many years, lived and grew! Floods in the Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys, the Charleston earthquake of 1886, droughts in Texas, a cyclone in Vermont, and yellow fever in Florida—all these and more served as "proving grounds" upon which the Red Cross attested to its worth!

But Clara Barton was more than a great national figure—a woman of unusual determination, energy and power! In this account of her life Dr. Williams reveals her as a charming and very appealing **human** person—a woman who prized friendships and whose sensitive nature was deeply wounded when misunderstandings caused some of her former friends to leave her. She was, moreover, a woman who loved her house and home—who

(Continued on Page 63)

*Reproduction reserved. The original of this painting by Miss Antoinette Margot is in the possession of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries.

# "Would You Please Explain?"

*by*

SISTER M. ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., PH.G., M.T.

*Some "problems of translation"—Urdu into English and vice versa—together with an "explanation" of how to solve them!*

Dear Mary Theresa:

In Ohio we say, "The mailman came," but here the English say, "The post has arrived." In either case, it is rather exciting. Last evening someone dropped some "post" into my lap with the remark, "American mail!" "Three cheers!" said I.

It was only second-class mail, but that means first-class mail will be coming in tomorrow and the next day, as it gets censored. But the second-class mail is most welcome, too. Lots of magazines came, and odds and ends. I received my "Laboratory Journal," a bundle of newspapers, and Eleanor's graduation picture.

I forgot to tell you something else very exciting that happened not long ago. Here we do not have gas, and electricity is rather expensive. For cooking purposes we use coal and wood. For heating hot water and boiling or sterilizing instruments about the hospital or in the operating room we use "Primus" oil stoves, which are very noisy things, but serve the purpose. In the laboratory and on the hypodermic trays, we have little alcohol lamps — which are not nearly as convenient as the Bunsen burners back home. In the dispensary we have a rather nice oil stove—but it has seen its days.

Sister Margaret Mary wanted another oil stove—a regular oil burner such as they use in America in places where there is no gas or electricity—and, very fortunately, she came across one—the only one left, apparently—in one of the bazaars. It was just the thing, and she bought it! Of course we all flocked around to admire it —and what did I spy first thing, but the plate in front giving the name and place of manufacture: "Made in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S. A."!!! Maybe you think that was not at all exciting! But you have to picture yourself some 12,000 miles away from home. Why, it was like meeting an old friend! I felt like calling in all the nurses and servants and saying: "Look at this stove—made in my own home city! Isn't it lovely?"

Did I tell you that I have one class a week teaching English to the Punjabi nurses — the new group? They have had some school English, but Punjabi or Hindustani is their ordinary language. Of course, they are getting some English in all their classes, whether in anatomy or nursing technic or any of their other subjects. But this class is a little extra—just concentrating on translating Hindustani (the Persian script) into English and writing it out in our alphabet.

It isn't as simple as it sounds. You see, things means differently in different countries, quite apart from the literal meaning of the word. For example, one sentence we translated read: "He was a wealthy man."

"Do you know what the word 'wealthy' means?" I asked.

One of the nurses, who knew the meaning, jumped up to answer. "A wealthy man," she said, "is one who has a big house and owns many buffaloes and camels."

"Correct," said I. After all, I could not very well take up the whole hour explaining to her that in America there are many wealthy men—and that probably not a single millionaire in the United States owns even **one** buffalo or camel! Of course, it is all a matter of economics. On the other hand there are wealthy men in India who probably never saw any money in their lives! Parts of India are still as in the early days of the Bible, when wealth was counted in terms of flocks of sheep or cattle or other live stock, and trade was a matter of barter. But that is too deep a subject for a little girl like you.

One of the other sentences told about the lake turning into ice in winter, and about snow falling gently to the ground—I have forgotten the exact wording. In a large city like Rawalpindi, one **can** buy ice, as it is manufactured artificially. But outside of that, some of the nurses here now have never seen ice in their lives! And they have no idea of what snow is like, except what they have learned from pictures! The older nurses, who have been here one winter, have seen the snow on the mountain tops thirty miles away. But they have never actually seen snow fall. Perhaps some day this win-

ter we will be able to organize a picnic, as we have done before with other groups, and hire a bus and take all of them for a ride to the mountains when the snow is falling. Many of these nurses are from Malabar, in the south of India, where they **never** have snow the whole year round. And there is no special word for "snow" in the Hindustani language — the same term is used for "snow" or "ice."

So—translating from Hindustani into English may be rather confusing at times, and not so simple as one would think. But it is fun!

The girls from Malabar—there are twelve of them—are not in this class, as they know English well enough to get along with their classwork. And they do not read or write Hindustani or Punjabi. Their language is entirely different. It is called "Malayalam," and is sweet and musical, quite different from the others I mentioned.

The other day we celebrated our Superior's feast day, and the nurses gave a program. Those from the Punjab did some Indian dances—quite classical and beautiful—and sang several of their songs. The Malabar girls presented a drama, "The Martyrdom of Pancratius," taken from "Fabiola," which you have probably read, or will be reading some day. A synopsis was first read in English, and then the play itself was given in Malayalam. As we all knew the story so well, we could easily follow the theme, although the language was entirely strange. The acting was really beautiful—not at all amateurish—and we enjoyed it thoroughly.

But now I must close. Love to all,

In J.M.J.,
Sister Alma Julia

**Parts of India are still as in the early days of the Bible, when wealth was counted in terms of flocks of sheep or cattle or other live stock, and trade was a matter of barter.**

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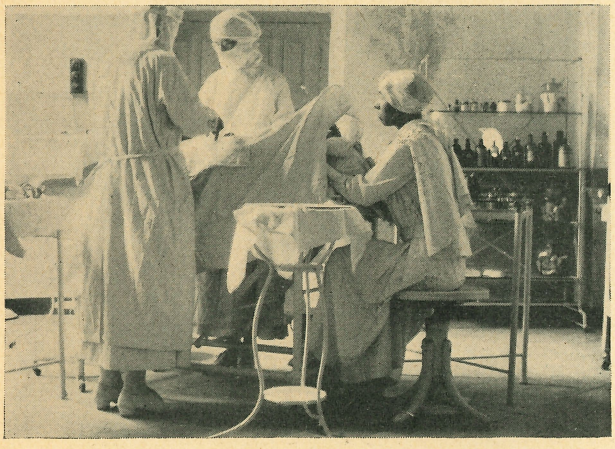
**In "The International Review of Missions" for January, 1942 we read as follows of the work of the missions in China under the strain of war conditions:**

**"A recent account of the achievements in Hankow of the Chinese Tertiary Sisters of St. Francis, sixty-three in number, illustrates something of the pace imposed upon Christian workers: under the strain of a war environment, with frequent aerial bombardment, the sisters have treated 136,551 patients and have cared for 17,299 refugees . . . Schools which were previously obliged to close, of which the Marist school in Tsingtao affords an example, re-opened in the 1940-41 school year with an increased enrollment and even with the necessity of refusing pupils for want of space. An interesting initiative among the Catholic students at Tientsin is the production of a new periodical, the CATHOLIC STUDENT."**

# *Holy Family H*

# "Recordi

During the past year Holy Family Hospital has admitted 1,782 "in-patients" — an increase of 252 over last year's figures. Many more seek admittance—only to be treated in the dispensary.



This picture shows an operation "in progress" at the hospital. 1941 totals include 122 major operations and 491 minors.

Here is given the annual r
Mission Sisters in their pioneer
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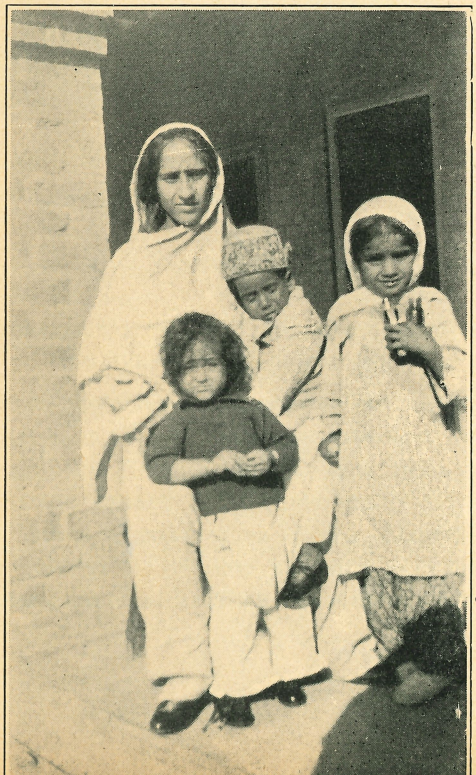
of women and children in India



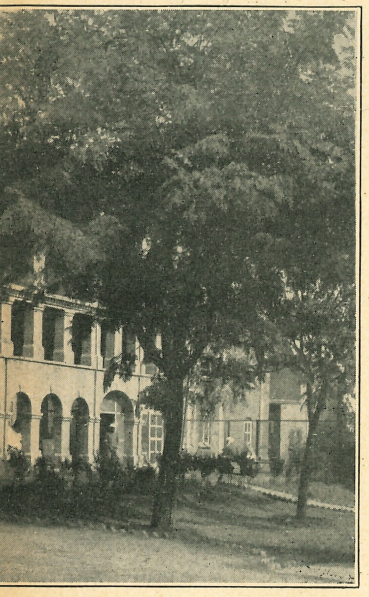
"Out-patients"—those who attend the hospital dispensary—numbered 29,310—or 2,640 more than last year. This mother and her "brood of three" are about to leave the dispensary where the two youngest children received treatment. The costume of the little girl on the right is typically Mohammedan. Note the long, pajama-like trousers or "silwa" and the knee-length blouse she wears over them. The boy has on a "fez-like" cap—accepted "head-gear" for Mohammedan boys and men.

Many times in the course
rounds, visiting native homes o
dispensary—the sisters have the
sacrament of baptism "in artic
ports to heaven" were distribut
Rawalpindi.

# ospital Presents

# ngs - 1941"

Home visits made by the sisters in 1941 numbered 1,816 and form a part of the work of the Maternity and Child Welfare Center. This includes a variety of activities—attending confinements in the home, treatment of minor ailments, prenatal and postnatal checkups, instruction of mothers, and so on.



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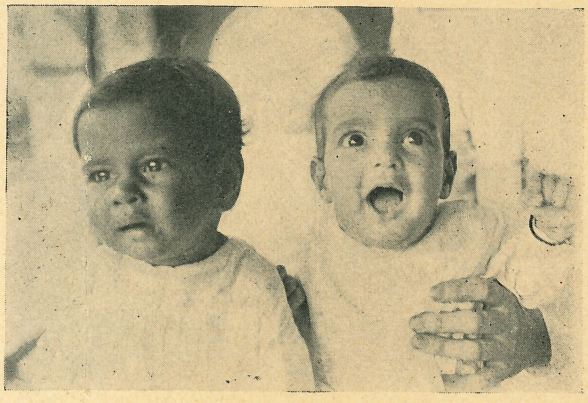
Babies figure largely in "Holy Family" reports. There were 420 babies born in the hospital last year as compared with 303 of the year before. This increase is due largely to the return of patients who are satisfied with the care and attention given them.



"Armfuls of babies" might be an apt caption for this picture! The native girl on the right and the Sister on the right, shown here with Sister Margaret Mary, S.C.M.M., R.N., are two of the "nurses-in-training" at Holy Family Hospital. Among those enrolled in the Training School are six native sisters from Patna and 19 native girls from the Punjab and South India. The entire "field of action"—including the training of native nurses, and the work of the center and the hospital—is in the care of 12 Medical Mission Sisters!

# An Apostle of the "Least"

*by*

The Reverend Lawrence M. Kenny, S.J.

"As Long as You Did It For One of These, My Least Brethren, You Did It For Me."

(Note: The "Apostle of the Least" —Father John M. Lyons, S.J.—is connected with the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries in a very special way, in that he is the brother of Dr. Johanna Lyons, one of the pioneer members of the society. It is with this added interest that we present a review of his life and work.)

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If the Son of God, the King of Kings, were to come down from the throne of His majesty to the cities, large and small, of our country in this our day, as He came meek and humble to Jerusalem long ago, would the people know Him; would the citizens care? Would His most solemn words of wisdom penetrate our insensibility? Would men show that they have heard and heeded His warning that, when He will come to judge us and all mankind, He will say to the good: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it (gave food and comfort) to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me?"

Christ, in His "least" is to be found everywhere today, and there was a man in the city of St. Louis recently who did care, who took very literally the word, "least," in the teaching of Our Savior. His labors accordingly — devoted as they were entirely to the "least"— did not attract much notice either here or in the other cities where he resided. But they did attract attention, as all Christians must believe, in heaven. And they were particularly approved not merely in heaven. In far-off Rome conspicuous notice was taken of his activities, and this man who re-

mained unknown here, was signalized in a letter of encomium, which kings might covet in vain, from the hand of the Father of Christendom. Pius XI, by a special brief dated August 9, 1925, bestowed upon him and his labors the most exalted commendation. Rome loves to find men taking the words of Our Savior literally.

We are referring to Father John M. Lyons, S.J., who died only a little more than a year ago at the rectory of an old colored parish in the city of St. Louis.

The "least" who first appealed to Father Lyons' zeal were the feebleminded — people who are mentally and spiritually babies. But babies have immortal souls. Father Lyons sought them far and wide throughout the land—and found them—abundantly. He baptized thousands—so that men, women, and children whom the world looks upon as supremely unfortunate were transformed by his ministration of Divine mercy into enviably happy persons, all of them absolutely certain of eternal glory!

As the next class of the "least" of Christ's brethren, he considered such Catholic children as those who were deprived of the inestimable gift of Catholic education —their birthright. For these he established the C.I.L. (the Catholic Instruction League) which from its headquarters in Chicago spread to numerous and distant states. Thus another great number of abandoned souls were enriched with all the pledges of salvation that lie profusely in the infinite treasury of the Church's sacraments which were now placed within their reach. When, in recent times, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine took over this work, Father Lyons was glad to yield the field to this more powerful organization. There were plenty of the "least" still, like sheep without a shepherd, among whom those who cared to seek them might exercise to the full their ambition to give their lives in a Divine service.

And so it happened that during the later years Father Lyons found the colored man—not the strong, vigorous and educated—but the crushed and dying negro—as his "least." His days and nights were devoted to these everywhere, particularly in the hospitals, and not a day ended but some soul passed into blessed eternity through Father Lyons' kindly and simple instructions. Yet, in addition to this hospital work, he found time to establish what he called the "Four R Schools,"—schools in which not only the traditional three R's of reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic were taught, but where a fourth and more important R—namely religion—might be learned. This work consisted mainly of gathering groups of colored children into a class in the home of some generous family, where zealous Catholic women would instruct them in all the four R's.

And thus it was that Father Lyons spent the greater part of nearly fifty years of religious life in unselfish and whole-hearted devotion to the "least." Late on a Wednesday night he returned home from the hospital at about midnight, having spent the time administering the last sacraments to some dying person. The next morning he was found—"sleeping the sleep that knows no waking here below." Despite the suddenness of his death all who knew him were ready to exclaim: "May my end be like to his,"—for eternal happiness is theirs who learn to live the words of Our Lord, "Whatsoever you do to these my least brethren, you do it unto me."

**Therefore, if you have risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are on earth. For you have died and your life is hidden with Christ in God. When Christ, Your Life, shall appear, then you too will appear with Him in glory.**

**Please pray for the repose of the souls of:**

**Rev. Mother M. Coletta, P.C.C., Chicago, Ill.**

**Sister M. Agnes Marie, Baden, Pa.**

**Sister Mary Lucida, Hartford, Conn.**

**Sister Mary Joseph, Holy Cross, Ind.**

**Sister Alacoque Marie, Baden, Pa.**

**Sister M. Thomas, Holy Cross, Ind.**

**Sister Mary of St. George, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**James J. Walsh, M.D., New York, N. Y.**

**Helen M. McDermott, Jamaica Plains, Mass.**

**Mr. Nicholas Bergem, Cleveland, Ohio**

**May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.**

## T. GAVAN-DUFFY, P.F.M.

Most mission magazines paid tribute to Father Gavan-Duffy who was one of the most outstanding missionaries of our time.

A few days ago particulars of his illness reached us. He was as courageous in death as in life. Realizing that he was dying, he asked for the Last Sacraments and said to the bishop, who found him completely resigned to God's will: "I feel that my death is approaching. It is with joy that I leave my place to another. I did my best. I am ready and happy to go, if God calls me.

He was taken in an ambulance to the hospital in Pondicherry where he received all the medical assistance possible. He suffered the distressing attacks of asphyxia with great fortitude and patience. His death occurred on the third day of his illness.

R. I. P.

# For Native Clergy

# In Indo-China and Siam

A few years ago I traveled by train along the rubber forests and jungles of the Malay Peninsula to Bangkok—the quaintest and most colorful of eastern cities. Having had some correspondence with Bishop Perros, I called upon His Excellency, who within half an hour arranged for me to take a twenty-hour train trip to Xieng-Mei, which of late has appeared so frequently on the maps of the daily papers. There I was met by a French priest who conducted me to the rectory and introduced me to three indigenous priests—two Annamites and one Chinese—if I remember correctly. I felt a profound respect and joy in meeting them; not only were they priests invested with the full dignity of the priesthood—but also highly educated gentlemen in whose presence embarrassment vanished after a few minutes' conversation. And what did my heart a great deal of good was that they were keenly interested in the aims and purposes of our Society and were eager that not only spiritual aid, which they could give, be available to their flocks, but that Christ's compassion for the sick might also be extended to them.

The pastor then took me to the Brothers' school—a very excellent, up-to-date institution—and not far from it showed me a tract of land which would make a fine site for a hospital—and the hospital, of course, would need sisters! "The harvest is great—the laborers are few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into the vineyard."

That evening I spent with the Ursulines, who have a surprisingly fine school in the north of Siam. Several of the sisters were Americans. The next day, after some sight-seeing of native Buddhist haunts, I started on my twenty-hour journey to Bangkok to report to His Excellency, who is a member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. As a matter of fact, the mission of Siam was the first to be confided to this great missionary organization in 1664. Today, among a population of more than twelve million, approximately forty thousand are Catholics.

**Only by charity in all things can we assure to the future the full measure of that peace for which the Prince of Divine Love died.—Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman.**

The neighboring country of Indo-China is the classic land of martyrs. Only two million of its twenty-seven million inhabitants are Catholic, and there are twice as many native priests as foreign missionaries. They are the fruit of the blood of martyrs—of a Theophane Venard and others—who, languishing amid unutterable sufferings, their flesh torn from their bones in barbaric tortures, confessed the faith courageously. Inspired by their valient perseverance, Father Gavan-Duffy has said: "God grant that you and I, by cultivating their spirit and making sacrifices like theirs for the mission cause, may at last be worthy to dwell among them in the Kingdom that only the violent, the self-conquering, may gain."

**—Anna Dengel**

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**When the four horsemen of the Apocalypse—Conquest, Slaughter, Famine, Death—ride the earth, the missions take on new activity; when those dread riders have passed, the missions invariably report new victories. I speak not rhetoric or poetry or oratory, but sober history. For example: Bishop Galvin, consecrated in 1926, arrived at his See of Hanyang, six hundred miles up the Yangtse River from Shanghai, just in time to witness the conquest of his province of Hupeh by Communists. Four years later when the Communists were driven out, there happened one of the most devastating floods of all history in the valley of the Han and the Yangtse. One hundred thousand persons perished in that vicinity alone. But, as Bishop Cushing has written, that stupendous catastrophe was a "grace in disguise." Priests and nuns accepted the visitation of God, leaped to their work, did heroic service, and when the flood of waters had subsided there came a flood of conversions to the Faith. . . . Catholic missioners always remain on the scene of disaster, to do or to die. If they live they care for the stricken; if they die they achieve more than if they live. "Unless the grain of wheat falling to earth die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die it produceth much fruit."**

**Father James M. Gillis, C.S.P.**

# The Lighter Side of Patna

*by*

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Bunny! Bunny! Bunny!

"Here are four patients for you, Sister!"

"Four patients! Oh dear, we haven't a speck of room. The last three went on the ground. Never mind, I will make a place for them. Where are they?"

"Here they are!"

"RABBITS! Whatever next! Are we supposed to nurse rabbits now? I know nothing about them!"

"Well, you will soon. Just think how rabbit pie and jugged hare will help out the goat meat and aged cow. But let me give you some advice: They propagate rapidly. After a few months when you want to know how many you have, count ears and divide by two. If any have drooping ears get a rapidly drying varnish, apply and hold the ears erect until dry."

"Wouldn't splints be easier and more effective?"

"Oh, of course! I forgot this was a hospital. Now, about the eyes—the young ones should have boric drops at least every four hours. Many a good rabbit is suffering from poor vision due to neglect of this precaution."

"Are glasses indicated in that case? We have no eye specialist, but how badly we need one!"

"Oh, under the circumstances you might omit the 'specks!' But, don't forget the eye-drops! And here is another little 'tip.' Rabbits have very few fleas so the money you save on flea powder you can put in the bank."

"Perhaps we could save their skins and make fur coats for the missionaries."

"Yes, the poor missionaries suffer very much from the cold, especially when the thermometer stays above 110! But, in that case, be sure to put a tin of flea powder in the pocket. And, by the way, here are the measurements for my coat: I am five feet twelve, with or without shoes. (My sandals have no heels.) I weigh 170 pounds at the end of Lent; my waist is 40 and my shoulders 46. I have no false teeth, several fillings, and I do wear glasses."

* * *

Several weeks later the donor inquired after the bunny family.

"Well, it is like this: The servant says they should run loose in the field all day. (Actually, 'said field' happens to be a small cemetery.) Then, they should be put in a box at night. Otherwise they will be bitten by mosquitoes! But the wire in front of that box happens to be chicken wire. How it keeps the mosquitoes out is beyond my imagination! Perhaps there is a special kind of 'out-size,' rabbit-loving mosquito! And getting them into the box rather disorganizes the hospital—it takes most of our staff an hour or two to capture the four, so what shall we do when there are forty—or four hundred?"

"My, have your servants so soon forgotten their jungle ways! We just take a mound of carrots, turnips, onions, corn or grass—usually grass, and call: 'Bunny, bunny, bunny, bunny . . . ,' and do they come flying! And you do not even need a step into the hutch. Rabbits seldom break their legs getting into bed!"

* * *

But the "Patna rabbit problem" is not solved yet! "Our patients" are subject to pneumonia, dysentery, pink eye and several other diseases. In addition to the contents of the vegetable garden they should be given "gehun bhusa." (grass) And it is not a bad idea to give Jahan, the "keeper," one or two annas once in a while—but be sure that the rabbits get the "gehun bhusa" and the keeper does not eat the annas!

* * *

But—lest you become too concerned about the "Patna rabbits" —just remember that, while they may cause a few "wrinkles" now and then, still, rabbits are only on the "lighter side of Patna!"

# Notes From Abroad

**SALAAM!**

Did you know that "salaam" means peace? I did not know this until quite recently. Here they say: "Salaam" for good morning, good afternoon, goodnight, goodbye, etc. All day long and wherever you go you hear "Salaam." And as you walk down the streets, all the little children—from babies up—say "Salaam" whether they ever saw you before or not. The first word a baby learns is "salaam," and it puts its tiny hand up to its forehead in the proper salute while yet only a few months old. Just as back home youngsters make the motion which we associate with "goodbye," here they make the "salaam"—so it is nice, especially in these days of war, to hear "peace" on all sides.

—Sister Alma Julia, Pindi

**Equipment for a Journey!**

Not so very long ago I happened to be traveling from Calcutta to Lahore. Since I was the first person in the interclass (12 by 10) compartment at the Howrah station, Calcutta, I put my suitcase on the hanging shelf or bed, arranged my pillow and began to relax in preparation for the remaining forty-eight hours of the seventy-two hours' journey. Soon a prosperous-looking Indian man appeared to supervise an influx of baggage—one, two, three, four, fifteen pieces—ranging in size from small hand-cases to large trunks and bedding rolls! Of course, he would not be traveling in this particular compartment—but the encumbrances (children and baggage) are left with the women-folk!

Then my traveling companions appeared—three figures enveloped in cream silk "burkhas." When the train began to move, they discarded their coverings to reveal an elderly Mohammedan woman wearing a long, pale green silk blouse over deeper green brocade "silwa" or trousers. This costume was completed by a shell-pink flowered "sari" and necklaces and bracelets of the inevitable jewelry—indicating prosperity. The second member of the party was a young girl of about seventeen years with delicately formed features and graceful carriage. Though her hair-dress was different from that of the other two women—it was "done" in a long pigtail—she wore the same style clothes as the older ladies. Her white brocaded silk blouse "topped" a pair of blue silk trousers. Over this she wore a prune-colored tulle "cheddar" or shoulder wrap—which also served as a "face screen" during station pauses. Her jewelry—since it was of the lighter variety—showed that her marriage had not yet taken place. The third member of the group was, I think, in her early thirties, probably the second wife and reigning mistress of the household. She was obviously the "leader" and wore a multicolored blouse, black and cream "sari" and embroidered linen shoes. Her heavy and very ornate jewelry included an elegant gold wrist-watch. Her manners were charming, and we each informed the other what we understood—she, Urdu, and I, Bengali and English. To "brook the chasm" the girl very politely inquired—"Where . . . are . . . you . . . going . . . ?"—and the rest of the conversation was in smiles.

Besides all the baggage they brought with them, they were well provided with plenty of food. One large zinc bucket contained curry, rice, "chappaties" and so on—which they ate off their own china plates! All this food was supplemented at various stops along the way. At each station a transaction took place—fruit was bought, soda-water consumed, and bargains completed for trinkets and hand-carved novelties. And I almost forgot! The inevitable betal-nut was contained in a silver box complete with lock and handle! As the supply had obviously been prepared for the journey, this equivalent to Wrigley's chewing gum was frequently indulged in!

—Sister Caecilia, Dacca

**Would you like to strike a bargain?**

Housekeeping in India is lots of fun and so different from housekeeping as we used to do it! Although you do not actually do the cooking, you always have plenty to keep you busy. There is the milk and butter man and the grocer, etc. to deal with—and to watch too!

Some time ago, in December, a milkman arrived with two fowls as a present for Sister Margaret Mary. Sister first thought they were given by one of the patients'

husbands. But when she realized that it was the milkman looking for a trade, she decided to put him off by telling him that the sister in charge of the kitchen was out. But he was not to be daunted by that. At 6 P.M., just as I was going into the kitchen to see to the patients' food, I found him waiting outside. He kindly informed me that the "bara" (head) sister had told him that he could see me in the evening. Anyway—the long and short of it was that the interview ended up with an order for milk to be brought "on trial" until further notice, and a promise of a sample of butter to be delivered with the milk the next morning.

Well—the butter lasted three days—I mean he supplied us for the next three days. And the milk was good at first—but before the month was up I had to cancel all orders. And so another "bargain" proved to be not so "bargainish" after all!

—Sister Stephanie, Pindi

**More about travel!**

The bicycle fleet is making more and more progress—Sister Bernadette can now steer herself through a whole herd of buffaloes without turning a hair and can ride with a weight not exceeding one pound on the carrier!

**Roses—Cabbages—and Cows!**

To decorate the altar on our latest "feast day" we had some lovely pink and red roses—which the "mali" (gardener) apparently begged, borrowed or stole. We still had not quite forgiven him for dispensing with the beautiful rose bushes we had "nursed" so carefully for over a year—so he probably thought this was the best way to make up for it. You see, our "mali" does not believe in growing rose bushes; it takes much more than a rose to put him in ecstasy!

We had satisfied our "practical bent" by trying to grow a number of cabbages. The "mali" did not have to do any "dispensing" to get rid of these. Just when they had taken a lease on life, some stray cows found their way into our garden and did their bit in very short order! And so—it is goodbye to roses and cabbages—for the present at least!

—Sister Alma Lalinsky, M.D., Pindi

**Advertising — Monkey nuts — Indian style!**

From Bangalore, South India, Sister Ann writes about—monkey nuts! Last week I happened to see something very funny. First I heard singing in the usual Indian style. It came nearer and nearer, and looking back I saw a young boy of about ten carrying a huge tray of monkey nuts—evidently for sale. You should have seen how he advertised his wares! On his head he wore a bright scarlet turban at least ten inches high—all decorated with monkey nuts! Some were stitched down tight while others swayed loosely as he skipped along. What surprised me was that the real monkeys, of which there was a flock in the trees, did not come down and steal all his goods!

**Catholics are called upon not merely to enjoy—rightly and fully—the peace of Christ, but to confirm and spread Christ's Kingdom, to confirm and spread His peace.—Pope Pius XI**

(Continued from Page 53)

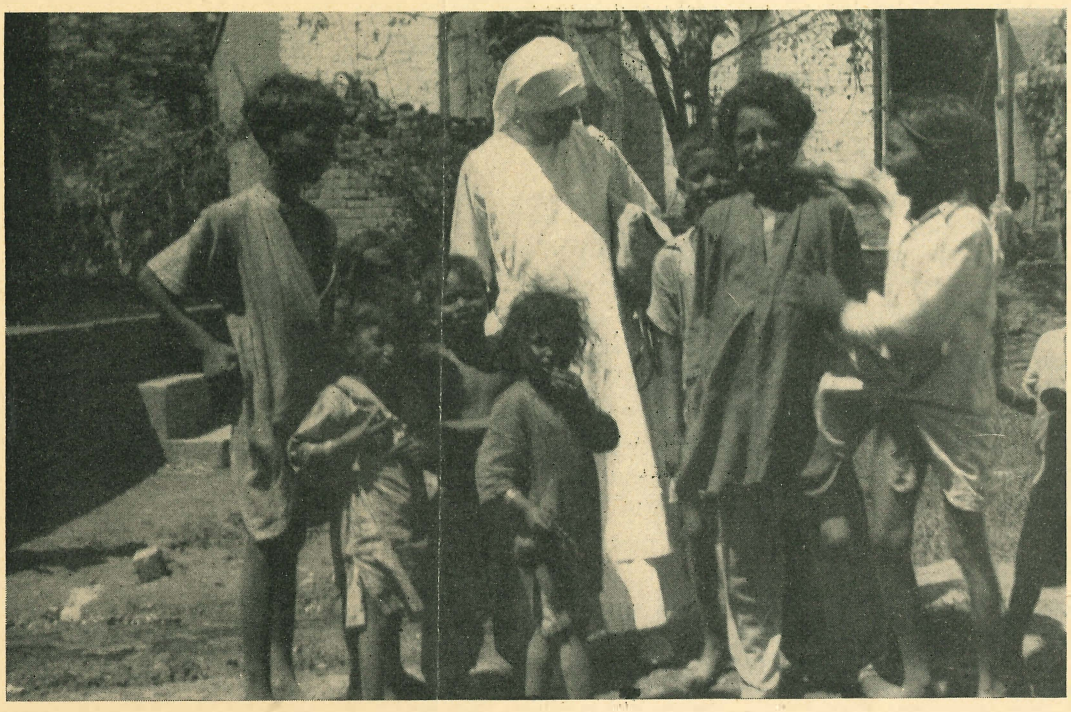
was interested in domestic affairs who knew what it was to wash dishes, scrub floors and turn out a substantial dinner or supper. Her diary reveals her also as a "gardener" who planted scarlet-runner and morning-glory vines, and as a real "domestic" who "swept the barn," hung wallpaper, and "painted the sides of hall, front-stoop and stairs." In common with her friends she displayed a very feminine interest in clothes, and herself records how she replenished her wardrobe by "brightening the black silk with new rose ribbons" and by "redoing" a grey skirt while the seamstress "got on" with her purple petticoat!

The "Captain" had often said: "We Bartons live long." Clara Barton was nearly ninety the Good Friday on which she died. Better even than long—her life was full! In the school-room or on the battlefield, in the home or on the lecture platform, in Europe or in America—she always found plenty of "nobody's business" to make "her business!" She was wholly altruistic—she devoted her life to all humanity rather than to one individual. One wishes that she could have enjoyed the fruit of her labo. -but, as is frequently the case with many of the great, that was left for another life. Still, her ideals for America are embodied in the work of the American Red Cross. Its members—through the loyalty they hold towards it—constitute a living memorial to her. And so, beyond Clara Barton we see the Eternal Father, lovingly raising up this dispensatrix of His Mercy in the person of a daughter who heroically made "nobody's business, HER business!"

**"LOTS FOR LITTLE"**

May we ask our friends to remember the LOTS FOR LITTLE SHOP, 902 Third Avenue, New York City? The goods for this shop are obtained by donation. Anything and everything — from that pair of shoes you have tired of, to your last year's hat, from the lampshade you have discarded to the dishes you no longer need— will be accepted for donation. These are repaired, cleaned and placed on sale! And what was "rummage" to you, is "treasure" to "Mrs. Smith," who has been wanting it but has never been able to afford the brand new article. When you have anything to dispose of please remember—"Lots for Little." The telephone is PLaza 3-1850.

# To Serve - - -



**CHRIST—in these "HIS LEAST"—the poor the sick and suffering—that is the WHY of Medical Missions in India.**
**TO SERVE HIM—BETTER—we have set out to make a "new 100-bed Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi" come true.**
**But—we cannot do this alone.**
**Won't YOU help us SERVE HIM—too?**
**HELP THE SICK—BUY A BRICK!**

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Once there were some nickels—some dimes and pennies too,
Reposing in a sugar-bowl with nothing else to do—
But lie there in the darkness—waiting for the day,
When that something called "investment" would come along their way.
Now 'twas pretty scared they were—of "investment" they'd heard tell,
He was a mighty tricky rascal, whose "securities" sometimes fell.

Then suddenly there came a call—for a hospital to build,
TO HELP THE SICK—they heard it was, so from the bowl they "spilled."
And now they're "IN THE SERVICE"—blacking bricks the whole day long.
And you know they're gay and happy—you can hear it in their song:
"Sure, we're buying bricks for Pindi—and not fearing anything;
For we've found the REAL SECURITY—in the SERVICE of the KING!"

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Make it an "ALL OUT FOR SERVICE"—with nickels, dimes and pennies—
And—of course—"greenbacks" too—
For CHRIST and THESE—"HIS LEAST!"

**FORM OF BEQUEST**

"I give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

**Send your "brick-blacking" donation to:**
**MOTHER ANNA DENGEL**
**8400 Pine Road**
**Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your "black-in bricks" campaign. Enclosed please find $..... to cover .....bricks

Very sincerely,

.....